THE HISTORY OF DORASTUS *and* FAWNIA.

AMongſt al the paſſions wherewith humane minds are perplexed there is none that ſo galleth with reſtleſſe deſpite as that infectious ſore of iealouſie: For all other griefs are either to be appeaſed with ſenſible perſwaſion, to be cured with wholſome counſell, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worn out; Iealouſie only excepted, which is ſauced with ſuſpicious doubts and pinching miſtruſt, that who ſo ſeeks by friendly counſell to raze out this helliſh paſſion, it forthwith ſuſpecteth that he giveth this advice to cover his owne guiltines. Yea who ſo is pinched with this reſtleſſe torment, doubteth all diſturbeth himſelf, is always frozen with feare, and fired with ſuſpicion, having that wherin conſiſteth all his ioy, to be the breeder of his miſery. Yea, it is ſuch an heavie enemie to that heavie eſtate of matrimony ſowing betweene the married couples ſuch deadly ſeeds of ſecret hatred, as love being once razed out by ſpitefull diſtruſt, there often enſueth bloody revenge, as this enſuing Hiſtory manifeſtly proveth, wherin Pandoſto (furiouſly incenſed by a cauſleſſe iealouſie) procured the death of his moſt loving and loyall wife, and his own endleſſe ſorrow and miſery.

IN the Countrey of Bohemia there raigned a King called Pandoſto, whoſe fortunate ſucceſſe in Warres againſt his foes, and bountifull courteſie towards his friends in peace, made him to bee greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandoſto had to wife a Lady called Bellaria, by birth, Royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous: ſo that it was hard to iudge, whether her beautie, fortune, or ver-

tue, wan the greateſt commendations. Theſe two linked toge-
ther in perfect love, led their lives with ſuch fortunate content,
that their ſubiects greatly reioyced to ſee their quiet diſpoſition.
They had not bæn married long, but fortune (willing to encreaſe
their happineſſe) lent them a ſonne, ſo adorned with the gifts
of Nature, as the perfection of the Child greatly augmented
the love of the Parents, and the ioy of their Commons: inſo-
much, that the Bohemians, to ſhew their inward ioyes by out-
ward actions, made Bone-fires and Triumphs throughout all
the Kingdome, appointed Iuſts and Turneys, for the honour
of their young Prince: whither reſorted not only his Nobles,
but alſo divers Kings and Princes, which were his neigh-
bours, willing to ſhew their friendſhip they ought to Pandoſto,
and to win fame and glory by their proweſſe and valour. Pando-
ſto whoſe mind was fraught with Princely liberality entertain-
ed the Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, with ſuch ſubmiſſe cour-
teſie and magnificall bountie, that they all ſaw how willing hæ
was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feaſt for all
his Subiects, which continued by the ſpace of twenty dayes;
all which time the Iuſts and Turnies were kept, to the great
content both of the Lords and Ladies there preſent. This ſo-
lemne Triumph being once ended, the aſſembly taking their
leave of Pandoſto and Bellaria, the young Son (who was called
Garinter) was nurſed up in the houſe, to the great ioy and con-
tent of his Parents. Fortune envious of ſuch happy ſucceſſe,
willing to ſhew ſome ſigne of her inconſtancie, turned her whæle
and darkned the bright Sunne of proſperity, with the miſty
cloudes of miſhap and miſery. For it ſo hapned, that Egiſtus
King of Sicilia, who in his youth had bæn brought up with Pan-
doſto, deſirous to ſhew, that neither tract of time, or diſtance of
place could diminiſh their former friendſhip, provided a Navie
of ſhips, and ſailed into Bohemia to viſit his old friend and com-
panion: who hearing of his arriv all, went himſelfe in perſon, and
his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great train of Lords and
Ladies, to mæt Egiſtus, and eſpying him, alighted from his horſe
embracing him very lovingly, proteſting, that nothing in the
world could have hapned more acceptable to him then his com-
ming, wiſhing his wife to welcome his old friend and acquain-

tance;

tance; who (to ſhew how ſhe liked him whom her husband loved) entertained him with ſuch familiar courteſie, as Egiſtus perceived himſelfe to be very well welcome. After they had thus ſaluted and embraced each other, they mounted againe on Horſe-backe, and rode towards the City, deviſing and recounting how being children they had paſſed their youth in friendly paſtimes: where, by the meanes of the Citizens, Egiſtus was received with triumphs and ſhewes, in ſuch ſort that hée marvelled how on ſo ſmall a warning they could make ſuch preparation. Paſſing the Stréets thus with ſuch rare ſights, they rode on to the Palace: where Pandoſto entertained Egiſtus and his Sicilians, with ſuch banquetting and ſumptuous chære ſo royally, as they had all cauſe to commend his Princely liberality: yea the very baſeſt ſlave that was knowne to come from Sicilia, was uſed with much courteſie, that Egiſtus might eaſily perceive, how both he and his were honoured for his friends ſake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of courteſie) willing to ſhew how unfainedly ſhe loved her husband by her friends entertainment, uſed him likewiſe ſo familiarly that her countenance bewrayed how her heart was affected toward him: oftentimes comming her ſelfe into his bed-chamber, to ſée if nothing ſhould bée amiſſe to diſlike him. This honeſt familiarity increaſed daily more and more betwixt them: for Bellaria noting in Egiſtus a Princely and bountifull mind, adorned with ſundry and excellent qualities, and Egiſtus finding in her a vertuous and courteous diſpoſition, there grew ſuch a ſecret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: inſomuch, that when Pandoſto was buſied with ſuch urgent affaires that he could not be preſent with his friend Egiſtus, Bellaria would walk with him into the garden, and there they two in private pleaſant devices, would paſſe away their time, to both their contents. This cuſtome ſtill continuing betwixt them; a certain melancholly paſſion entring the mind of Pandoſto, drove him into ſundry and doubtfull thoughts. Firſt, he called to mind the beautie of his wife Bellaria, the comlineſſe and bravérie of his friend Egiſtus, thinking that love was above all lawes, and therefore to be ſtated with no law, that it was hard to put fire and flax together without burning; that their open pleaſure might bréed

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his ſecret diſpleaſure. He conſidered with himſelfe that Egiſtus was a man, and muſt néeds loue: that his wife was a woman, and therefore ſubiect to loue: and that where fancy forced, friendſhip was of no force. Theſe & ſuch like doubtfull thoughts along time ſmothering in his ſtomacke, began at laſt to kindle in his minde a ſecret miſtruſt, which encreaſed by ſuſpicion, grew at laſt to flaming iealouſie, that ſo tormented him, as he could take no reſt. He then began to meaſure all their actions, and miſconſtrue of their too priuate familiarity, iudging that it was not for honeſt affection, but for diſordinate fancy: ſo as hée began to watch them more narrowly, to ſée if he could get any true or certaine proofe to confirme his doubtfull ſuſpicion. While thus he noted her lookes and geſtures, and ſuſpected their thoughts, and meanings, they two ſilly ſoules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each others company: which draue him into ſuch a frantick paſſion, that he began to beare a ſecret hate to Egiſtus, and a lowring countenance to Bellaria: who marueling at ſuch unaccuſtomed frownes, began to caſt beyond the Moone, and to enter into a thouſand ſundry thoughts, which way ſhée ſhould offend her husband: but finding in her ſelfe a cleare conſcience, ceaſed to muſe, till ſuch time as ſhée might find opportunity to demand the cauſe of his dumps. In the meane time Pandoſto's mind was ſo farre charged with iealouſie, that he no longer doubted, but was aſſured (as he thought) that his friend Egiſtus entred a wrong point in his tables, and ſo had played him falſe play. Whereupon deſirous to reuenge ſo great an iniury he thought beſt to diſſemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance: and ſo under the ſhape of a friend to ſhew him the trick of a foe: deuiſing with himſelf a long time how he might beſt put away Egiſtus, without ſuſpicion of treatherous murther, concluded at laſt to poyſon him. Which opinion pleaſing his humour, he became reſolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to paſſe he called to him his Cup-bearer, with whom in ſecret he brake the matter: promiſing him for the performance thereof, to giue him a thouſand Crownes of yéerely reuenue. His Cup-bearer, either being of a good conſcience, or willing for fashions ſake to deny ſuch a bloody requeſt, began with great reaſons to perſwade Pandoſto

from

from his determinate miſchiefe: ſhewing him what an offence murther was to the gods, how much unnaturall actions did more diſpleaſe the heavens, then men: and that cauſeleſſe cruelty did ſeldome or never ſcape without revenge: hée laid before his face, that Egiſtus was his friend, a King, and one that was come into this Kingdome, to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them, that hée had, and did ſhew him a moſt friendly countenance: how Egiſtus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but alſo loved of the Bohemians for his courteſie: And that if he now ſhould without any iuſt or manifeſt cauſe, poyſon him, it would not onely be a great diſhonour to his Majeſtie, and a meanes to ſow a perpetuall enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but alſo his own ſubiects would repine at ſuch treacherous cruelty. Theſe and ſuch like perſwaſions of Franion (for ſo was his cup-bearer called) could no whit prevaile to diſwade him from his diveliſh enterprize: but remaining reſolute in his determination (his fury ſo fired with rage, as it could not be appeaſed with reaſon) he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baits, preferment and death: ſaying, that if he would poyſon Egiſtus, hée would advance him to high dignities: if he refuſed to doe it of an obſtinate minde, no torture ſhould hée too great to requite his diſobedience. Franion ſéeing that to perſwade Pandoſto any more, was but to ſtrive againſt the ſtreame, conſented as ſoone as opportunity would give him leave, to diſpatch Egiſtus: wherewith Pandoſto remained ſomewhat ſatisfied, hoping now hée ſhould bée fully revenged of ſuch miſtruſted iniuries, intending alſo as ſoone as Egiſtus was dead, to give his wife a ſop of the ſame ſauce, and ſo to be rid of thoſe which are the cauſe of his reſtleſſe ſorrow: while thus hee lived in this hope, Franion, being ſecret in his chamber, began to meditate with himſelfe in theſe termes.

AY Franion, treaſon is loved of many, but the traytor hated of all, unjuſt offences may for a time eſcape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art ſervant to a King, and muſt obey at command: yet, Franion, againſt law and conſcience it is not good to reſiſt a tyrant with armes, nor to pleaſe an unjuſt King with obedience. What ſhalt thou doe? Folly refuſed

gold, and frenzie preferment; wiſdome ſeeketh after dignity, and counſell looketh for gaine: Egiſtus is a ſtranger to thee, and Pandoſto thy ſoveraigne: Thou haſt little cauſe to reſpect the one, and oughteſt have great care to obey the other. Thinke this Franion, that a pound of Gold is worth a Tunne of Leade: great gifts are little gods; and preferment to a meane man is a whet-ſtone to courage. There is nothing ſweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report: care not then though moſt count thee a traytor, ſo all call thee rich. Dignitie, Franion, advanceth thy poſterity, and evill report can but hurt thy ſelfe. Know this, where Eagles build, Faulcons may prey; where Lions haunt, Foxes may ſteale. Kings are knowne to command, ſervants are blameleſſe to conſent: feare not thou then to lift at Egiſtus, Pandoſto ſhall beare the burthen. Yea, but Franion, conſcience is a worme that ever biteth, but never ceaſeth. That which is rubbed with the ſtone Galactities, will never be hot. Fleſh dipped in the Sea Ægeum, will never bee ſwæt. The Herbe Trigion, being once bit with an Apſis, never groweth: and conſcience once ſtained with innocent blood, is alwayes tyed to a guilty remorſe. Preferre thy content before riches, and a cleare minde before dignitie: ſo being poore, thou ſhalt have rich peace, or elſe rich, thou ſhalt enioy diſquiet.

FRanion having muttered out theſe, or ſuch like words, ſeeing either he muſt die with a cleare minde, or live with a ſpotted conſcience: hee was ſo cumbred with divers cogitations, that he could take no reſt, untill at laſt he determined to breake the matter to Egiſtus: but fearing that the King ſhould either ſuſpect, or heare of ſuch matters, hee concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveale it. Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an Evening he went to Egiſtus lodging, and deſirous to ſpeake with him of certaine affaires that touched the King, after all were commanded out of the Chamber, Franion made manifeſt the whole conſpiracy which Pandoſto had deviſed againſt him, deſiring Egiſtus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his Maſters counſell, but to think that hee did it for conſcience: hoping that although his Maſter inflamed with rage, or incenſed by ſome ſiniſter reports, or ſlanderous

ſpeeches,

ſpæches had imagined ſuch cauſeleſſe miſchiefe, yet when time ſhould paciſie his anger, and try thoſe tale-bearers, but flattering Paraſites, then hee would count him as a faithfull ſervant. that with ſuch care had kept his Maſters credit. Egiſtus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare poſſeſſed all his limmes, thinking that there was ſome treaſon wrought, and that Franion did but ſhadow his craft with theſe falſe colours: wherefore hee began to war in choller, and ſaid, that he doubted not Pandoſto, ſith hee was his friend, and there had never as yet bæne any breach of amitie: he had not ſought to invade his Lands, to conſpire with his enemies, to diſſwade his Subiects from their allegiance: but in word and thought he reſted his at all times: he knew not therefore any cauſe, that ſhould move Pandoſto to ſæk his death, but ſuſpected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians, to bring the King and him at odds. Franion ſtaying him in the midſt of his talke, told him, That to dally with Princes was, with the Swannes to ſing againſt their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any ſuch miſchiefe, it might have beene better brought to paſſe, than by revealing the conſpiracie: therefore his Maieſtie did ill, to miſconſtrue of his good meaning, ſith his intent was to hinder treaſon, not to become a Traytor; and to confirme his promiſes. If it pleaſed his Maieſtie to flie into Sicilia, for the ſafegard of his life, hee would goe with him: and if then he found not ſuch a practice to bee pretended, let his imagined treachery bee repayed with moſt monſtrous torments. Egiſtus hearing the ſolemne proteſtations of Franion, beganne to conſider, that in Love and Kingdomes neither Faith nor Law is to bæ reſpected: doubting that Pandoſto thought by his death to deſtroy his men, and with ſpædy Warre to invade Sicilia. Theſe and ſuch doubts throughly weighed, hæ gave great thanks to Franion, promiſing, if hæ might with life returne to Syracuſa; that hee would create him a Duke in Sicilia: craving his counſell how hee might eſcape out of the Countrey. Franion, who having ſome ſmall skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew every danger of the Sea, joyning in counſell with the Maſter of Egiſtus Navie, rigged all their ſhips,

and ſetting them afloat, let them lye at anchor, to be in the more readineſſe, when time and wind ſhould ſerve. Fortune, although blinde, yet by chance favouring this iuſt cauſe, ſent them within ſix dayes a good gale of wind; which Franion ſeeing fit for their purpoſe, to put Pandoſto out of ſuſpicion, the night before they ſhould ſayle, hee went to him and promiſed, that the next day hee would put the device in practice; for hee had got ſuch a forcible poyſon, as the very ſmell thereof would procure ſudden death. Pandoſto was ioyfull to heare this good newes, and thought every houre a day, till he might be glutted with bloody revenge: but his ſuit had but ill ſucceſſe: for Egiſtus fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the graſſe ſhould not be cut from vnder his feet, taking bag and baggage by the helpe of Franion conveyed himſelfe and his men out at the Poſterne gate of the City, ſo ſecretly, and ſpedily, that without any ſuſpicion they got to the Sea ſhore: where, with many a bitter curſe taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboord, weighing their Anchors, and hoyſting ſaile, they paſſed as faſt as winde and Sea would permit toward Sicilia: Egiſtus being a ioyfull man that he had ſafely paſſed ſuch trecherous perills. But as they were quietly floating on the ſea, Pandoſto and his Citizens were in an vproare: for ſeeing that the Sicilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared ſome treaſon, and the King thought that without queſtion his ſuſpicion was true, ſeeing the Cup-bearer had bewrayed the ſumme of his ſecret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conſpired with Egiſtus, and that the fervent affection ſhe bare him, was the only meane of his ſecret departure, inſomuch, that incenſed with rage, he commanded that his wife ſhould be carried ſtraight to priſon, vntill they heard further of his pleaſure. The Guards vnwilling to lay their hands on ſuch a vertuous Princeſſe, and yet fearing the Kings fury, went very ſorrowfully to fulfill their charge: comming to the Queenes Lodging, they found her playing with her young Sonne Garinter, vnto whom with teares doing their meſſage, Bellaria, aſtoniſhed at ſuch a hard cenſure, and finding her cleare conſcience a ſure advocate to plead in her cauſe, went to the Priſon moſt willingly; where with ſighs and

teares

teares ſhe paſt away the time, till ſhee might come to her tryall.

But Pandoſto, whoſe reaſon was ſuppreſſed with rage, and whoſe vnbridled Folly was incenſed with fury, ſeeing Franion had bewrayed his ſecrets, and that Egiſtus might well be raſed on, but not revenged, determined to wreake all his wrath on poore Bellaria. Hee therefore cauſed a generall proclamation to be made through all his Realme, that the Quéene and Egiſtus had by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed moſt inceſtuous adultery, but alſo had conſpired the Kings death: whereupon the traytor Franion was fled away with Egiſtus, and Bellaria was moſt iuſtly impriſoned. This Proclamation being once blazed through the countrey, although the vertuous diſpoſition of the Quéene did halfe diſcredit the contents, yet ſo ſudden and ſpéedy meſſage of Egiſtus, and the ſecret departure of Franion induced them (the circumſtances throughly conſidered) to thinke that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied: yet they pitied her caſe, as ſorrowfull that ſo good a Ladie ſhould be croſſed with ſuch adverſe Fortune. But the King, whoſe reſtleſſe rage would admit no pitie, thought that although hee might ſufficiently requite his wives falſhood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde ſhould never bee glutted with revenge, till hée might have a fit opportunity to repay the trechery of Egiſtus with a fatall iniurie. But a curſt Cow hath oftentimes ſhort hornes, and a willing mind but a weake arme. For Pandoſto, although hee felt that revenge was a ſpurre to warre, and that enbie alwayes proffereth ſtéele, yet he ſaw, that Egiſtus was not only of great puiſſance and proweſſe to withſtand him, but had alſo many Kings of his alliance to aid him, if need ſhould ſerve: for hee married the Emperors daughter of Ruſſia. Theſe and the like conſiderations ſomething daunted Pandoſto his courage, ſo that he was content rather to put up a manifeſt iniury with peace, then hunt after revenge, diſhonour, and loſſe: determining, ſince Egiſtus had eſcaped ſcot-free, that Bellaria ſhould pay for all at an vnreaſonable price.

Remaining thus reſolute in his determination, Bellaria continuing ſtill in priſon, and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her minde was never touched with

ſuch affection, nor that Egiſtus had ever offered her ſuch diſcourteſie, would gladly have come to her anſwer, that both ſhe might have known her iuſt accuſers, and cléered her ſelfe of that guiltleſſe crime.

But Pandoſto was ſo inflamed with rage, and infected with iealouſie, as he would not vouchſafe to heare her, nor admit any iuſt excuſe: ſo that ſhée was faine to make a vertue of her néed, and with patience to beare theſe heavie injuries. As thus ſhée lay croſſed with calamities (a great cauſe to increaſe her griefe) ſhée found her ſelf quick with child: which as ſoon as ſhe felt ſtir in her body, ſhe burſt forth into bitter teares, exclaiming againſt Fortune in theſe termes.

ALas, Bellaria, How infortunate art thou, becauſe fortunate! Better thou hadſt bæne borne a Begger than a Prince, ſo ſhouldeſt thou have bridled Fortune with want, where now ſhée ſporteth her ſelfe with thy plenty? Ah happy life, where poore thoughts and meane deſires live in ſecure content, not fearing Fortune, becauſe too low. For Fortune, thou ſæſt now Bellaria, that care is a companion to Honour, not to povertie: that high Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, when low ſhrubs are not touched with the winde: precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed Pebbles lies ſafe in the ſand: Delphos is ſought to by Princes, not Beggers: And Fortunes Altars ſmoke with Kings preſents, not with poore mens gifts. Happy are ſuch, Bellaria, that curſe Fortune for contempt, not feare: and may wiſh they were not ſorry they have bæn. Thou art a Princeſſe Bellaria, and yet a priſoner: borne to the one by deſcent, aſſigned to the other by deſpight: accuſed without cauſe, and therefore oughteſt to die without care: for patience is a ſhield againſt Fortune, and a guiltleſſe mind yéeldeth not to ſorrow. Ah, but infamy galleth unto death, and liveth after death: Report is plumed with Times Feathers, and Envie oftentimes ſoundeth Fames Trumpet: the ſuſpected Adultery ſhall flie in the Ayre, and thy knowne vertues ſhall lie hid in the Earth: one Mole ſtaineth a whole Face; and what is once ſpotted with Infamy, can hardly bee worne out with Time. Die then, Bellaria, Bellaria, die, for if the gods ſhould ſay, thou art guiltleſſe,

leſſe, yet Envie would heare the gods, but never believe the gods. Ah, hapleſſe wretch, ceaſe theſe Termes: Deſperate thoughts are fit for them that feare ſhame, not for ſuch as hope for credit. Pandoſto hath darkened thy Fame, but ſhall never diſcredit thy Vertues. Suſpicion may enter a falſe Action, but proofe ſhall never put in his Plea. Care not then for Envie ſith Report hath a bliſter on her Tongue: and let ſorrow bite them which offend, not touch thée that art faultleſſe. But alas, poore Soule, how canſt thou but ſorrow? Thou art with Childe, and by him, that inſtead of kinde pitie, pincheth thée in cold Priſon. And with that, ſuch gaſping ſighes ſtopping her breath that ſhée could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands, and gulhing forth ſtreames of teares, ſhee paſſed away the time with bitter complaints.

The Jaylor pitying theſe her heavy paſſions, thinking that if the King knew ſhe were with childe, he would ſomewhat appeaſe his fury, & releaſe her from priſon, went in all haſte, and certified Pandoſto, what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was: who no ſooner heard the Jaylor ſay ſhe was with childe, but as one poſſeſſed with a frenzie, hée roſe up in a rage, ſwearing that ſhée, and the baſtard brat ſhée was withall ſhould die, if the gods themſelves ſaid no: thinking ſurely by computation of time, that Egiſtus, and not he, was father to the child. This ſuſpicious thought galled afreſh his halfe-healed Sore, inſomuch as hée could take no reſt, untill hee might mitigate his choler with a iuſt revenge, which happened preſently after. Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull Daughter, which no ſooner Pandoſto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young Infant ſhould be burned with fire. His Nobles hearing of the Kings cruell ſentence, ſought by perſwaſions to divert him from his bloody determination: ſaying before his face, the innocency of the childe, and vertuous diſpoſition of his wife, how ſhe had continually loved and honoured him ſo tenderly, that without due proofe he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime: and if ſhe had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy, then to puniſh with extremity, and more Kingly to bee commended of pity, then to diſcredit her. And

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as for the Childe, if he would punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strive against nature and iustice, and that vnnatural actions doe more offend the gods, then men; how cruell cruelty, no innocent blood never escapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but hee rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an Adultresse, the childe was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous Brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his noble men were importunate vpon him) hee was content to spare the childs life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this device, that seeing (as hee thought) it came by Fortune, so hee would commit it to the charge of Fortune; and therefore hee caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein hee meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas, and the destinies. From this his Peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their Masters message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her mercilesse husband, but she fell down in a swound so that all thought shee had been dead: yet at last being come to her selfe, she cryed and screeked out in this wise.

ALas, sweet infortunate Babe, scarce borne before envied by fortune, would the day of thy birth had beene the terme of my life: then shouldest thou have made an end to care, and prevented thy Fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hatefull revenge, thy daies are too short for so sharpe a doome: but thy untimely death must pay thy Mothers debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy guilty curse. And shalt thou sweet Babe, be committed to Fortune, when thou art already spighted by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy harbour, and the hard boat thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, in stead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the whistling winds for thy Lullaby, and the salt sea fome in stead of sweet Milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What father would be so cruel? Or what gods will not revenge such rigour: Let me kisse thy lips (sweet Infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chaine

about

about thy little necke: that if fortune ſave thee, it may helpe to ſuccour thee. Thus, ſince thou muſt goe to ſurge in the gaſtfull Seas, with a ſorrowfull kiſſe I bid thee fare well, and I pray the gods thou mayſt farewell. Such and ſo great was her griefe, that her vitall ſpirits being ſuppreſt with ſorrow, ſhe fell again downe in a trance, having her ſenſes ſo ſtopped with care, that after ſhe was revived, yet ſhee loſt her memory, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance: The Guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the child to the King; who quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it ſhould be put into the Boat: having neither Saile nor rudder to guide it, and ſo to be carried in to the midſt of the Sea, and there left to the winds and the waves, as the Deſtinies pleaſe to appoint. The very Shipmen, ſeeing the ſweet countenance of the young Babe, began to accuſe the King of rigour, and to pity the childs hard Fortune: but feare conſtrained them to that which their nature did abhorre: ſo that they placed it in one of the ends of the Boat, and with a few greene boughs made a homely Cabbin to ſhrowd it, as well as they could, from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed a Boat they tyed it to a Ship, and ſo hailed it into the maine Sea, and then cut in ſunder the rope: which they had no ſooner done, but there aroſe a mighty Tempeſt; which toſſed the little Boat ſo vehemently in the waves, that the Shipmen thought it could not continue long without ſincking; yet the ſtorme grew ſo great, that with great labour and perill they got to the ſhore. But leaving the Childe to her Fortunes, wee will returne to Pandoſto: who not yet glutted with ſufficient revenge, adviſed which way hee ſhould beſt encreaſe his wives calamity. But firſt aſſembling his Nobles & Councellors, he called her (for the more reproach) in open Court, where it was objected againſt her, that ſhe had committed adultery with Egiſtus, and conſpired with Franion to poyſon Pandoſto her husband; but their pretence being partly eſpyed, ſhe counſelled them to flie away by night, for their better ſafety. Bellaria (who ſtanding like a priſoner at the Barre and feeling in her ſelfe a cleare conſcience to withſtand her falſe accuſers) ſeeing no leſſe then death could pacifie her Husbands wrath, waxed bold, and offered that ſhe might have Law and Juſtice:

(for mercy she neither craved nor hoped) and that those perjured wretches, which had falsly accused her to the King, might be brought before her face to give in evidence. Pandosto (whose rage and iealousie was such, as no reason nor equity could appease) told her, that for her accusers, they were of such credit, as their words were sufficient witnes, and that the sodaine and secret sight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault: but her countenance should stand for no coine: for as the bastard which shee bare was served, so shee should with some cruell death bee requited. Bellaria no whit dismaid with this rough reply, told her Husband Pandosto, that hee speake upon choller, and not conscience; for her vertuous life had ever beene such, as no spot of suspicion could ever staine it. And if shee had borne a friendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect hee was his friend, and not for any lusting affection: therefore if shee were condemned without any further proofe, it was rigour and not Law. The Noble-men which sate in Judgement, said, that Bellaria spake reason, and entreated the King that her accusers might be openly examined, and sworne: if then the evidence were such as the Jury might find her guilty (for seeing shee was a Prince, she ought to be tryed by the Peeres) then let her have such punishment as the extremity of the Law will assigne to such malefactors. The King presently made answer, that in this case hee might, and would dispence with the Law. And that the Jury being once pannelled, they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise hee would make the proudest of them repent it. The Noble-men seeing the King in choller, were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life hung in the ballance, fearing more perpetuall infamy than momentany death, told the King, if his fury might stand for a Law, that it were vaine to have the Jury yeeld their verdict, and thereupon she fell down upon her knees, and desired the King, that for the love hee bare to his young Sonne Garinter, whom she brought into the world, that hee would grant her request, the which was this, that it would please his Majestie to send five of his Noble-men whom

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hee beſt truſted to the Iſle of Delphos, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether ſhee had committed adultery with Egiſtus, or conſpired to poyſon him with Franion: and if the god Apollo, who by his divine eſſence knowes all ſecrets, gave anſwer that ſhe was guilty, ſhee was content to ſuffer any torment, were it never ſo terrible. The requeſt was ſo reaſonable, that Pandoſto could not for ſhame deny it, vnleſſe he would bee counted of all his Subiects more wilfull than wiſe. Yea therefore agreed, that with as good ſpeed as might bee, there ſhould be certaine Ambaſſadors diſpatcht to the Iſle of Delphos: and in the meane ſeaſon he commanded that his wife ſhould be kept in cloſe Priſon: Bellaria having obtained this grant, was now more carefull of her little Babe that floated on the Seas, then ſorrowfull for her owne miſhap; for of that ſhee doubted; but of her ſelfe ſhe was aſſured: knowing that if Apollo ſhould give ſentence according to the thoughts of her heart, yet the ſentence ſhould goe on her ſide, ſuch was the cleerenеſſe of her minde in this caſe. But Pandoſto (whoſe ſuſpicious head ſtill remained in one ſong) choſe out ſixe of his Nobility, whom hee knew were ſcarce indifferent men in the Quænes behalfe, and providing all things fit for their iourney, ſent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfill the Kings command, and deſirous to ſee the ſituation and cuſtome of the Iſland, diſpatched their affaires with as much ſpeed as might bee, and embarked themſelves to the voyage, which, (the wind and weather ſerving fit for their purpoſe) was ſoone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at Delphos: where they were no ſooner ſet on Land, but with great devotion then went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering ſacrifice unto the god, and gifts to the Priеſt, as the cuſtome was, they humbly craved an anſwer of their demand. They had not long kneeled at the Altar, but Apollo with a loud voyce ſaid: Bohemians, what ye finde behinde the Altar, take and depart. They forthwith obeyed the Oracle, found a ſcrowle of parchment, wherein were written theſe words in letters of Gold.

The Oracle.

Suſpicion is no proofe: Iealouſie is an unequall Iudge: *Bellaria* is chaſt: *Egiſtus* blameleſſe: *Franion* a true Subject:

Pandosto trecherous, his Babe innocent, and the King shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not found.

As soone as they had taken out this scrowle, the Priest of the god commanded them, that they should not presume to reade it before they came to the presence of Pandosto, unlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian Lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leave of the Priest, with great reverence departed out of the Temple and went to their Ships: and as soone as Wind would permit them, sailed toward Bohemia, where in short time they safely arrived, and with great Triumph issuing out of their Ships, went to the Kings Palace, whom they found in his Chamber, accompanied with other Noblemen. Pandosto no sooner saw them, but with a merrie countenance he welcomed them home, asking, what newes? They told his Maiestie, that they had received answer of the god, written in a Scrowle: but with this charge, that they should not read the contents before they came in the presence of the King: and with that they delivered him the Parchment. But his Noblemen entreated him, that sith therein were contained either the safety of his Wifes life and honestie, or her death and perpetuall infamie; that hee would have his Nobles and Commons assembled in the Judgement Hall, where the Queene brought in as a prisoner, should heare the contents: If she were found guilty by the Oracle of the god, then all should have cause to think his rigour proceeded of due desert: if her Grace were found faultles, then she should be cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the King, so that he appointed the day, and assembled all the Lords and Commons, and caused the Queene to be brought in before the Judgement Seat, commanding that the Iudgement should be read: wherein she was accused of Adultery with Egistus, and of conspiracy with Franion. Bellaria hearing the contents, was no whit astonished, but made this cheerfull answer.

If the Divine powers bee privie to humane Actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience will make fortune blush, and my unspotted life shall staine spitefull discredit. For although

though lying repoꝛt hath ſought to impeach mine honour, and ſuſpicion hath intended to ſoyl my credit with infamy: yet where Vertue keepeth the Foꝛt, repoꝛt and ſuſpicion may aſſayle, but never ſacke. How I have led my life beſoꝛe Egiſtus comming, I appeale (Pandoſto) to the gods, and to thy conſcience. What hath paſſed betweene him and me, the gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveale. That I loved Egiſtus I cannot deny, that I honoured him, I ſhame not to confeſſe. To the one I was foꝛced by his vertue; to the other, foꝛ his dignities. But as touching laſcivious luſt, I ſay, Egiſtus is honeſt, and hope my ſelfe to be found without ſpot. Foꝛ Franion, I can neither accuſe him, noꝛ excuſe him: I was not pꝛivie to his departure: And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer my ſelf unto the Divine Oꝛacle.

BEllaria had no ſooner ſaid, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes ſhould read the contents of the Scrowle, which after the Commons had heard. they gave a great ſhout, reioycing and clapping their hands that the Queene was cleare of that falſe accuſation. But the King, whoſe conſcience was a witneſſe againſt him of his wittleſſe fury, and falſe ſuſpected iealouſie, was ſo aſhamed of his raſh folly, that hee entreated his Nobles to perſwade Bellaria to forgive and foꝛget theſe injuries, pꝛomiſing not only to ſhew himſelfe a loyall and loving Husband, but alſo to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſtus and Franion: revealing then beſoꝛe them all the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how trecherouſly hee thought to have pꝛactiſed his death, if the good mind of his Cup-bearer had not pꝛevented his purpoſe. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was woꝛd bꝛought him, that his young Sonne Garmer was ſuddenly dead: which newes ſo ſoone as Bellaria heard, ſurcharged beſoꝛe with extreme ioy, and now ſuppꝛeſſed with heavie ſoꝛrow, her vitall ſpirits were ſtopped, that ſhe fell downe pꝛeſently dead, and never could be revived. This ſudden ſight ſo appalled the Kings ſenſes, that hee ſunke from his Seat in a ſwound, ſo as hee was faine to be carried by his Nobles to his Pallace, where he lay by the ſpace of three dayes without ſpeech.

His Commons were as men in deſpaire, ſo diverſly diſtreſſed there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia: their young Prince dead, their vertuous Quæne bereaved of her life, and their King and Soveraigne in great hazzard: this tragicall diſcourſe of Fortune ſo daunted them, as they went like ſhadowes, not men: yet ſomewhat to comfort their heavie hearts, they heard that Pandoſto was come to himſelfe, and had recovered his ſpæch: who as in fury, brayed theſe bitter ſpæches.

O Miſerable Pandoſto! what ſurer witnes than conſcience? What thoughts more ſowre than ſuſpicion? what plague more bad then Jealouſie? Unnaturall actions offend the gods, more then men: and cauſeleſſe cruelty never ſcapes without revenge. I have committed ſuch a bloody fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah Jealouſie a hell to the minde, and a horrour to the conſcience, ſuppreſſing reaſon, and melting rage: a worſe paſſion then frenzie, a greater plague then madneſſe. Are the Gods juſt? then let them revenge ſuch brutiſh cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drowned in the Seas: my loving wife I have ſlaine with ſlanderous ſuſpicion: my truſty friend I have ſought to betray: and yet the gods are ſlacke to plague ſuch offences. Ah unjuſt Apollo, Pandoſto is the man that hath committed the fault; why ſhould Garinter, ſilly Child abide the paine? Well! ſith the gods mean to prolong my daies to increaſe my dolour, I will offer my guilty blood a ſacrifice to thoſe guiltleſſe ſoules, whoſe lives are loſt by rigorous folly, And with that he reached at a Rapier to have murthered himſelfe, but his Peeres being preſent ſtayed him from ſuch a bloody act: perſwading him to thinke, that the Commonwealth conſiſted on his ſafety, and that thoſe ſhæpe could not but periſh that wanted a Shepheard: wiſhing that if he would not live for himſelfe, yet he ſhould have a care of his Subiects, and to put ſuch fancies out of his mind, ſith in ſores paſt helpe, ſalves doe not heale, but hurt: and in things paſt cure, care is a corroſive. With theſe and ſuch like perſwaſions, the King was overcome, and began ſomewhat to quiet his minde: ſo that ſo ſoone as he could go abroad, he cauſed his wife to be imbalmed,

and

and wrapt in Lead, with her young Sonne Garinter: erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein he intombed them both, making ſuch ſolemne obſequies at her Funerall, as all Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his fore-paſſed folly: cauſing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tombe, in Letters of Gold.

The Epitaph.

Here lyes intomb'd *Bellaria* faire
Falſly accus'd to be unchaſt;
Cleer'd by *Apollo's* ſacred doome,
Yet ſlaine by jealouſie at laſt.

What ere thou be that paſſeſt by,
Curſe him that caus'd this Queene to die.

This Epitaph being ingraven, Pandoſto would once a day repaire to the Tomb, and there with watry plaints bewail his misfortune: coveting no other companion but ſorrow, and no other harmony but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous paſſions, at laſt let us come to ſhew the tragicall diſcourſe of the young Infant.

WHo being toſſed with wind and waves, floated two whole dayes without ſuccour, ready at every puffe to be drowned in the Sea: till at the laſt the tempeſt ceaſed & the little Boate was driven with the tide into the Coaſt of Sicilia, where ſticking upon the Sands, it reſted. Fortune minding to bee wanton, (willing to ſhew that as ſhee hath wrinkles on her browes, ſo ſhe hath dimples in her cheekes) thought after ſo many ſowre lookes, to ſend a fained ſmile; and after a puffing ſtorme, to bring a prettie calme, ſhee began thus to dallie. It fortuned a poore mercenary Shepheard, that dwelled at Sicilia, who got his living by other mens Flocks, miſſed one of his ſheep: and thinking it had ſtraied into the covert that was hard by, ſought very diligently to find that which hee could not ſee, fearing either that the wolves or Eagles had undone him, (for

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He was ſo poore, as a Sheepe was halfe his ſubſtance) wandred downe towards the Sea cliffs, to ſee if perchance the Sheepe was browzing on the Sea-Ivy, whereon they doe greatly feed. But not finding her there, as hee was ready to returne to his Flock, he heard a childe cry: but knowing there was no houſe neere, he thought he had miſtaken the ſound, and that it was the bleating of his ſheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he caſt his eye to the Sea, hee eſpied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively liſtened) he might heare a cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at laſt he went to the ſhore, and wading to the Boat, as he looked in, he ſaw a little Babe lying all alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly imbrothered with Gold, and having a Chaine about her neck. The Shepheard, who had never before ſeene ſo faire a Babe, nor ſo rich Jewels, thought aſſuredly that it was ſome little god, and began with great devotion to knock on his breaſt. The Babe who writhed with the head to ſeeke for the Pap, began againe to cry afreſh: whereby the poore man knew that it was a child, which by ſome ſinifter meanes was driven thither by diſtreſſe of weather: marvelling how ſuch a ſilly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chaine could not but be borne of Noble parentage, ſhould bee ſo hardly croſſed with deadly miſhap. The poore Shepheard perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the Childe, and determined with himſelfe to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up, according to the worthineſſe of the birth: for his ability could not afford to foſter it, though his minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his armes, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the cold, there fell downe at his feete, a very faire and rich purſe wherein hee found a great ſumme of gold: which ſight ſo revived the Shepheards ſpirits, as he was greatly raviſhed with joy, & daunted with feare: joyfull, to ſee ſuch a ſum in his power; fearefull, if it ſhould be known, that it might breed his further danger. Neceſſity wiſht him at the leaſt to retain the gold, though he would not keepe the child: the ſimplicity of his conſcience feared him from ſuch a deceitfull bribery. Thus was the poore man perplexed with a doubtfull Dilemma, untill at laſt the covetouſneſſe of the coyne overcame

him

him: for what will not the greedy desire of gold cause a man to do? So that he was resolved in himselfe to foster the child, and with the summe to relieve his want. Resting thus resolute in this point, he left seeking his sheep, and as covertly, and secretly as he could, went a by-way to his house, lest any of his neighbours should perceive his carriage. As soone as he was got home, entring in at the doore, the child began to cry, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a young babe in his armes, began to be somewhat iealous: yet marvelling that her husband would be so wanton abroad, sith hee was so quiet at home. But as women are naturally given to believe the worst, so his wife thinking it was some bastard, began to grow against her good man, and taking up a cudgel (for the most master went breechlesse) sware solemnly, that she would make Clubs trump, if he brought any bastard brat within her doors. The good man seeing his wife in her maiestie, with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bow, for feare of blowes, and desired her to be quite, for there was no such matter: but if she could hold her peace they were made for ever. And with that he told her the whole matter: how hee had found the child in a little boate, without any succour, wrapped in that costly mantle, and having that rich chaine about her necke: but at last when he shewed her the purse full of gold, she began to simper somewhat sweetly. And taking her husband about his neck, kissed him after her homely fashion: saying that she hoped, God had seene their want, and now meant to relieve their poverty, and seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heed in any case (saith the shepheard) that you bee secret, and blab it not out when you meet with your Gossips. For if you doe, we are like not only to lose the gold and Iewels, but our other goods and lives. Tush (quoth his wife) profit is a good hatch before the doore: Feare not, I have other things to talke of, then this, but I pray you let us lay up the money surely, and the Iewels, lest by any mishap it be espied. After that they had set all things in order, the Shepheard went to his sheep with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing Lullaby at home with her young babe, wrapped it in a homely blanket, instead of a rich mantle

nourithing it ſo cleanly and carefully, as it began to be a tolly Girle: inſomuch that they began both of them to be very fond of it, and as it waxed in age, ſo it increaſed in beautie. The Shepheard every night at his comming home, would ſing and daunce it on his knée, and prattle, that in ſhort time it began to ſpeake, and call him Dadde, and her Mam. At laſt, when it grew to riper yeares, that it was about ſeaven yeares old, the Shepheard lett képing of other mens ſhéepe, and with the money he found in the purſe, hé bought him the leaſe of a pretty Farme, and got a ſmall ſtock of Shéepe: which when Fawnia (for ſo they named the childe) came to the age of ten yeares, he ſet her to kéepe ſhéepe, and ſhe with ſuch diligence perfourmed her charge, as the ſhéepe proſpered marvellouſly under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had béene her father, and Mopſa her mother (for ſo was the Shepheard and his wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with ſuch reverence, that all the neighbours praiſed the dutifull obedience of the childe. Porrus grew in ſhort time to be a man of ſome wealth and credit. For Fortune ſo favoured him, in having no charge but Fawnia, that hé began to purchaſe Land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter: So that divers rich Farmers ſonnes came as wooers to his houſe. For Fawnia was ſomething cleanly attired, being of ſuch ſingular beauty, and excellent wit, that who ſo ſaw her, would have thought ſhé had béene ſome heavenly Nymph, and not a mortall creature. Inſomuch that when ſhe came to the age of fiftéene yeares, ſhé ſo increaſed with exquiſite perfection both of body and minde, as her naturall diſpoſition did bewray that ſhe was borne of ſome high parentage. But the people thinking ſhe was the daughter to the Shepheard Porrus, reſted onely amazed at her beauty and wit. Yea ſhe wonn ſuch favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her beauty was not noly praiſed in the Countrey, but alſo ſpoken of in the Court. Yet ſuch was her ſubmiſſe modeſtie, that although her praiſe daily encreaſed, her minde was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled her ſelfe as became a countrey maid, and the daughter of a poore Shepheard. Every day ſhe went forth with her ſhéep to the field: kéeping them with ſuch care and diligence, as all men thought ſhe was very painefull,

full, defending her face from the heat of the Sunne with no other baile, but with a Garland made of boughs and flowers: Which attire became her ſo gallantly, as ſhe ſeemed to be the goddeſſe Flora her ſelfe for beautie. Fortune who all this while had ſhewed a friendly face, began now to turne her back, and to ſhew a lowring countenance: intending as ſhee had given Fawnia a ſlender checke, ſo ſhée would give her a harder mate. To bring which to paſſe, ſhe laid her traine on this wiſe: Egiſtus had but one only ſonne called Doraſtus about the age of twenty yéeres: a Prince ſo decked and adorned with the gifts of Nature, ſo fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not only his father ioyed to have ſo good a ſonne, but his Commons reioyced that God had ſent them ſo noble a Prince to ſuccéed in the Kingdom. Egiſtus, placing all his ioy in the perfection of his ſonne (ſeeing that he was now marriageable) ſent Ambaſſadours to the King of Denmarke, to intreat a marriage betwéen him and his daughter. Who willingly conſenting, made anſwer, that the next Spring, if it pleaſed Egiſtus with his ſon to come into Denmarke, he doubted not, but they ſhould agrée upon reaſonable conditions. Egiſtus reſting ſatisfied with this friendly anſwer, thought convenient in the mean time to breake it vnto his ſon. Finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he ſpake to him in theſe fatherly termes.

DOraſtus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worſt, and mine age to provide the beſt. Opportunities neglected, are ſignes of folly: actions meaſured by time, are ſeldome bitten with repentance. Thou art young, and I old: age hath taught me that, which thy youth cannot conceive.

I therefore will counſell thée as a Father, hoping thou wilt obey as a child. Thou ſéeſt my white haires are bloſſomes for the Grave: and thy freſh colours, fruit for time and Fortune: ſo that it behoveth mée to thinke how to die: and for thée, to care how to live. My Crowne I muſt leave by death, and thou enioy my Kingdome by ſucceſſion. Wherein, I hope, thy Vertue and proweſſe ſhall bee ſuch, as though my ſubiects want my perſon, yet ſhall ſée in thée my perfection. That

nothing either may faile to satisfie thy minde, or increase thy dignities: the onely care I have, is to see thee well married before I die, and thou become old.

Dorastus (who from his infancy, delighted rather to die with Mars in the field, then to dally with Venus in the chamber) fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverend answer.

SIr, there is no greater bond then duty, nor no stricter Law then Nature: disobedience in youth, is often galled with despite in age. Thy command of a father ought to bee a constraint to the child: so parents wills are lawes, so they passe not all lawes: may it please your grace therefore, to appoint whom I shall love: rather then by denial I should be appeached of disobedience, I rest content to love, though it bee the onely thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his sonne to shie farre from the marke, began to be somewhat chollerike, and therefore made him this answer.

WHat Dorastus, canst thou not love? Commeth this cynicall passion of proud desire, or pevish frowardnes? What, dost thou thinke thy selfe too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee Dorastus, there is nothing swéeter then youth: nor swifter, decreasing while it is increasing. Time past with folly, may be repented, but not recalled. If thou marrie in age, thy wives fresh colours will breed in thée dead thoughts and suspicion, and thy white haires her loathsomnes and sorrow. For Venus affections are not fed with kingdomes or treasures, but with youthfull conceits, and sweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to shake the tree, but Mars allowed to reape the fruit. Yeeld (Dorastus) to thy fathers perswasions, which may prevent thy perils. I have chosen thée a wife, faire by nature, Royall by birth, by vertues famous, learned by educations, and rich by possessions: so that it is hard to judge whether her bountie or fortune, her beautie or vertue be of greater force: I meane (Dorastus) Euphania, daughter and heire to the king of Denmarke.

Egistus

Egiſtus pauſing here a while, looking when his ſonne ſhould make him anſwer: and ſeing that he ſtood ſtill, as one in a trance, he took him up thus ſharply.

VVEll (Doraſtus) take heed, the træ Alypa waſteth not with fire: but withereth with vew: that which love nouriſheth not, periſheth with hate. If thou like Euphania, thou breedeſt my content, and in loving her thou ſhalt have my love: otherwiſe: and with that he flung from his ſonne in a rage, leaving him a ſorrowfull man, in that he had by denyall diſpleaſed his father: and halfe angry with himſelfe that he could not yeeld to that paſſion, whereto both reaſon and his father perſwaded him. But ſee how fortune is plumed with times feathers, and how ſhe can miniſter ſtrange cauſes, to breed ſtrange effects.

It hapned not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the Farmers daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as the miſtreſſe of the feaſt; who having attired her ſelfe, in her beſt garments, went among the reſt of her companions to a merry meeting: there ſpending the day in ſuch homely paſtime as Shepheards uſe. As the Evening grew on, and their ſport ceaſed, each taking their leave of other: Fawnia deſiring one of her companions to beare her company, went home by the flocks, to ſee if they were well folded. And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had beene hawking, and killed ſtore of game) incountred by the way theſe two maides, fearing that with Acteon he had ſeene Diana; for he thought ſuch exquiſite perfection could not be found in any mortall creature. As thus he ſtood in amaze, one of his Pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head, was Fawnia, that faire Shepheardeſſe, whoſe beauty was ſo much talked of in the Court. Doraſtus deſirous to ſee if Nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as ſhe had decked her body with outward ſhape, began to queſtion with her, whoſe daughter ſhe was, of what age, and how ſhee had beene trained up: ſhe anſwered him with ſuch modeſt reverence and ſharpneſs of wit, that Doraſtus thought her outward beauty was but a

counterfeit to darken her inward qualities: wondring how ſo courtly behaviour could be found in ſo ſimple a Cottage: and curſing Fortune, that had ſhadowed wit and beautie with ſuch hard Fortune. As thus he held her a long time with chat, beauty ſeeing him at diſcovert, thought not to looſe the vantage, but ſtruck him ſo deeply with an invenomed ſhaft, as hee wholly loſt his libertie, and became a ſlave to Love, which before contemned Love, glad to gaze upon a poor ſhepheardeſſe, who before refuſed the offer of a rich Princeſſe. For the perfection of Fawnia had ſo fired his fancy, as he felt his mind greatly changed, and his affection altered; curſing Love, that had wrought ſuch a change, and blaming the baſeneſſe of his minde, that would make ſuch a choice. But thinking theſe were but paſſionate toyes that might be thruſt out at pleaſure: to avoid the Syren that inchanted him he ſpurs his horſe, and bad his faire Shepheardeſſe farewell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely geſture of Doraſtus) ſeeing his face ſo well featured, and each limbe ſo perfectly framed, began greatly to praiſe his perfection, commending him ſo long, till ſhe found her ſelfe faulty: and perceived that if ſhe waded but a little further, ſhe might ſlip over the ſhoes. She therefore ſeeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and fayning her ſelfe not well at eaſe, got her to bed: where caſting a thouſand thoughts in her head, ſhe could take no reſt: for if ſhe had waked, ſhe began to call to mind his beauty: and thinking to beguile ſuch thoughts with ſleep, ſhe then dreamed of his perfection. Peſtered with theſe unacquainted paſſions, ſhe paſſed the night as ſhe could in ſhort ſlumbers.

Doraſtus (who all this while rode with a flea in his eare) could not by any meanes forget the ſweet favour of Fawnia, but reſted ſo bewitched with her wit and beauty, as hee could take no reſt. He felt fancie to give the aſſault, and his wounded minde ready to yeeld as vanquiſhed: yet hee began with diders conſiderations to ſuppreſſe his frantick affection, calling to minde, that Fawnia was a Shepheardeſſe, one not worthy to be looked at of a Prince: much leſſe to be loved of ſuch a Potentate: thinking what a diſcredit it were to himſelfe, and what a

griefe

greiſe it would be to his father: blaming fortune, and accuſing his owne folly, that ſhould be ſo fond as but once to caſt a glance at ſuch a country ſlut. And as thus he was raging againſt himſelfe, Love (fearing if ſhe dallied long, to loſe her Champion) ſtept more nigh, and gave him ſuch a freſh wound, as it pierſt him at the heart that he was faine to yéeld maugre his face, and to forſake the company, and get him to his chamber, where being ſolemnly ſet, he burſt into theſe paſſionate termes.

AH Doraſtus, art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art tyred with theſe vnacquainted paſſions. Yéeld to fancy thou canſt not by thy fathers counſell: but in a frenzy thou art, by luſt deſtinies. Thy father were content, if thou couldeſt love: and thou therefore diſcontent, becauſe thou doſt love. O divine Love, feare of men, becauſe honoured of gods: not to be ſuppreſſed by wiſdome, becauſe not to be comprehended by reaſon: without law, and therefore above law.

How then Doraſtus? why doſt thou blaze that with praiſes which thou haſt cauſe to blaſpheme with curſes? Yet why ſhould they curſe love, which are in love?

Bluſh Doraſtus at thy Fortune, thy choyce, thy love: thy thoughts cannot be uttered without ſhame, nor thy affections without diſcredit. Ah Fawnia, ſweet Fawnia, thy beautie Fawnia.

Shameſt not thou Doraſtus, to name one vnfit for thy birth, thy Dignities, thy Kingdomes? Die Doraſtus, Doraſtus die: Better haddeſt thou perith with high deſires, then live in baſe thoughts. Yea, but beauty muſt be obeyed, becauſe it is beauty: yet framed of the gods to feed the eye, not to fetter the heart.

Ah but he that ſtriveth againſt love, ſhooteth with them of Scyrum againſt the wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh againſt the ſteele. I will therefore obey, becauſe I muſt obey. Fawnia yea Fawnia ſhall be my fortune, in ſpite of fortune. The gods above diſdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Iupiter, Iô; and why not I then Fawnia? one ſomething inferiour to theſe in birth, but farre ſuperiour to them in beauty: borne to be a Shepheardeſſe, but worthy to be a goddeſſe.

Ah

Ah, Doraſtus, wilt thou forget thy ſelfe, as to ſuffer affection to ſuppreſſe wiſdome, and love violate thine honour? How ſowre will thy choiſe be to thy father, ſorrowfull to thy ſubiects, to thy friends a griefe, moſt gladſome to thy foes? Subdue then thy affection, and ceaſe to love her whom thou couldeſt not love, vnleſſe blinded with too much love? Fond, I talke to the wind, & in ſeeking to prevent the cauſes, I further the effects, I will yet praiſe Fawnia, honour, yea and love Fawnia, and at this day follow content, not counſell. Doe Doraſtus, thou canſt repent: and with that his Page came into the chamber: whereupon hee ceaſed from complaints, hoping that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, ſo poore Fawnia was diverſly perplexed. For the next morning getting up very early, ſhe went to her sheepe, thinking with hard labours to paſſe away her new conceived amours, beginning very buſily to drive them to the field, and then to ſhift the folds. At laſt, wearied with toyle, ſhe ſate her downe, where (poore ſoule) ſhe was more tyred with fond affection. For love began to aſſault her, inſomuch that as ſhe ſate upon the ſide of a hill, ſhe began to accuſe her owne folly in theſe termes.

Vnfortunate Fawnia, And therefore infortunate, becauſe Fawnia, thy Shepheards hook ſheweth thy poore eſtate, thy mynd deſires, and aſpiring mind: the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No baſtard Hawke muſt ſore ſo high as the Hobby, no ſoule gaze againſt the Sun but the Eagle: Actions wrought againſt nature, reape diſpite, and thoughts above fortune, diſdaine.

Fawnia thou art a Shepheardeſſe, daughter to poore Porrus: if thou reſt content with this, thou art like to ſtand: if thou climbe, thou art like to fall. The herbe Anita growing higher than ſix inches, becommeth a weed. Nilus flowing more then twelve cubits, procureth a dearth. Daring affections that paſſe meaſure are cut short by time or fortune. Suppreſſe then Fawnia thoſe thoughts which thou maiſt ſhame to expreſſe. But, ah, Fawnia, Love is a Lord, who will command by power, and conſtraine by force.

Doraſtus

Doraſtus, ah Doraſtus is the man I love: the woꝛſe is thy hap, and the leſſe cauſe haſt thou to hope. Will Eagles catch at flyes? Will Cedars ſtoope at bꝛambles? Oꝛ mighty Pꝛinces looke at ſuch homely Truls? No, no, thinke this, Doraſtus diſdaine is greater then thy deſire. He is a Pꝛince, reſpecting his honour: Thou a beggars bꝛat foꝛgetting thy calling. Ceaſe then not onely to ſay, but to thinke to love Doraſtus; and diſſemble thy love, Fawnia. Foꝛ better it were to die with griefe, then to liue with ſhame. Yet in diſpite of loue, I will ſigh to ſée if I can ſigh out loue. Fawnia, ſomewhat appeaſing her griefes with theſe pithy perſwaſions, began after her wonted manner to walke about her ſhéepe, and to kéepe them from ſtraying into the Coꝛne, ſuppꝛeſſing her affection with the due conſideration of her baſe eſtate, and with impoſſibilities of her loue, thinking it were frenzy (not fancy) to couet that which the verie deſtinies deny her to obtaine.

But Doraſtus was moꝛe impatient in his paſſions: foꝛ loue ſo fiercely aſſailed him, that neither company, noꝛ Muſicke could mitigate his martyꝛdome: but did rather farre the moꝛe increaſe the malady. Shame would not let him crave counſell in this caſe: noꝛ feare of his fathers diſpleaſure, reueale it to any ſecret friend: but he was faine to make a ſecretary of himſelfe; and to participate his thoughts with his owne troubled minde. Lingring thus a while in doubtfull ſuſpence, at laſt ſtealing ſecretly from the Court, without either man oꝛ Page, hée went to ſée if he could eſpie Fawnia, walking abꝛoad in the field. But as one hauing a great deale moꝛe skill to retꝛiue the Partridge with the Spaniels, then to hunt after ſuch a ſtrange pꝛey, he ſought, but was little the better. Which croſſe-lucke dꝛaue him into a great choller, that hée began both to accuſe Loue and Foꝛtune: But as he was ready to retyꝛe, hée ſaw Fawnia ſitting all alone vnder the ſide of an hill, making a garland of ſuch homely flowers as the fields did affoꝛd: This ſight ſo reuiued his ſpirits, that he dꝛew nigh, with moꝛe iudgement to make a view of her ſingular perfection: which hee found to be ſuch, as in that Countrey attire ſhée ſtained all the Courtly Dames of Sicilia. While thus hée ſtood gazing with piercing lookes on her ſurpaſſing beauty, Fawnia caſt her eye aſide, and

espyed Dorastus. Which sudden sight made the poore girle to blush, and to dye her christall cheekes with the vermilion red: which gave her such a grace, as she seemed farre more beautifull: and with that she rose up, saluting the the Prince with such modest courtesies, as he wondred how a countrey maid could afford such comely behaviour. Dorastus repaying her courtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parle with her on this manner.

FAire maid (quoth he) either your want is great, or a Shepheards life is very sweet, that your delight is in such country labours. I cannot conceive what pleasures you should take, unlesse you meane to imitate the Nymphs, being your selfe so like a Nymph. To put me out of this doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a shepheards life, and what pleasures you have to countervaile these drudging labours. Fawnia, with blushing face, made him this answer,

SIr, what richer state then content? or what sweeter life then quiet? We shepheards are not borne to honour, nor beholding unto beauty: the lesse care we have to feare fame or fortune. We count our attire brave enough, if warme enough, and our food dainty, if to suffice nature: our greatest enemy is the Wolfe: our only care in safe keeping our flocke: in stead of Courtly Sonnets, we spend the dayes with Countrey songs: our amorous conceits are homely thoughts, delighting as much to talk of Pan and his countrey pranks, as Ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toyes. Our toile is in shifting our folds and loking to the Lambes, easie labours, of sitting and telling tales; homely pleasures: our greatest wealth not to covet: our honour, not to climbe: our quiet, not to care. Envie loketh not so low as Shepheards: Shepheards gaze not so high as ambition: we are rich, in that we are poore with content: and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

THis wittie answer of Fawnia, so inflamed Dorastus fancy that he commending himselfe for making so good a choyse: thinking, if her birth were answerable to her wit and beautie, that

that ſhe were a fit mate for the moſt famous Prince in the world. Shee therefore began to lift her more narrowly on this manner.

FAwnia, I ſée thou art content with countrey labours, becauſe thou knowſt not courtly pleaſures: I commend thy wit, and pity thy want. But wilt thou leave thy fathers Cottage, and ſerve a Courtly miſtreſſe?

Sir (quoth ſhe) beggers ought not to ſtrive againſt fortune, nor to gaze againſt honour, leſt either their fall be greater, or they become blind. I am borne to toyle for the Court, not in the Court: my nature unfit for their nature: better live in meane degree, then in high diſdaine.

Well ſaid Fawnia (quoth Doraſtus) I gueſſe at thy thoughts, thou art in love with ſome countrey Shepheard.

No ſir (quoth ſhe) Shepheards cannot love, that are ſo ſimple, and maids may not love, that are ſo young.

May therefore (quoth Doraſtus) maids muſt love becauſe they are young: for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with freſh colours.

I grant (ſaid ſhe) age may be painted with new ſhadowes, and youth may have imperfect affections: but, what art concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in another. Doraſtus ſéeing Fawnia hold him ſo hard, thought it was vaine ſo long to beate about the buſh: therefore he thought to have given her a freſh charge; but he was ſo prevented by certaine of his men, who miſſing their maſter, came poſting to ſeeke him, ſéeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew ſo nigh, that they might heare their talke, he uſed theſe ſpeeches.

Why, Fawnia, perhaps I love thée, and then thou muſt néeds yéeld: for thou knowſt I can command and conſtrain. Tuſh Sir (quoth ſhe) but not to love, for conſtrained love is force, not love: And know this, Sir, mine honeſty is ſuch, as I had rather dye, than be a Concubine, even unto a King: and my birth is ſo baſe, as I am unfit to be a wife unto a poore Farmer: Why then (quoth he) thou canſt not love Doraſtus. Yes, ſaid Fawnia, when Doraſtus becomes a Shepheard. And with that, the preſence of his men broke off their parle, ſo that hée went

with them to the Palace, and left Fawnia, ſitting ſtill on the hill ſide: who ſeeing that the night drew on, ſhifted her Folds and buſſed her ſelfe about other worke, to drive away ſuch fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not prevaile; for the beauty of Doraſtus had made ſuch a deepe impreſſion in her heart as could not be worn out without cracking, ſo ſhe was faine to blame her owne folly in this wiſe.

Ay Fawnia, why doſt thou gaze againſt the Sunne, or catch at the wind? Starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand: thoughts are to be meaſured by fortunes, not by deſires: falls come not by ſitting low, but by climing too high. What then, ſhall all feare to fall, becauſe ſome hap to fall? No, luck commeth by Lot, and Fortune windeth thoſe threeds which the deſtinies ſpin. Thou art favoured, Fawnia, of a Prince, and yet thou art ſo fond to reiect deſired favours. Thou haſt denyall at thy tongues end, and deſire at thy hearts bottome. A womans fault, to ſpurne at that with her foot, which ſhe greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou loveſt Doraſtus, Fawnia; and yet ſeemeſt to lowre. Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: for unleſſe he love, thou canſt but die. Die then Fawnia, for Doraſtus doth but ieſt. The Lion never preyeth on the Mouſe: nor do Faulcons ſtoope to dead ſtales. Sit downe then in this ſorrow: ceaſe to love and content thy ſelfe, that Doraſtus will vouchſafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh hoe: Ah foole, it were ſeemlier for thee to whiſtle as a Shepheard, then to ſigh as a Lover: and with that ſhe ceaſed from theſe perplexed paſſions, folding her ſheep, and hying home to her poore Cottage. But ſuch was the unconſtant ſorrow of Doraſtus, to thinke on the wit and beauty of Fawnia, and to ſee how fond he was, being a Prince, and how froward ſhe was being a begger: that he began to loſe his wonted appetite: to looke pale and wan: in ſted of mirth, he fed on melancholly: for Courtly dances, to uſe cold dumps. Inſomuch, that not only his owne men, but his father, and all the Court began to marvell at his ſuddain change, thinking that ſome lingring ſickneſs had brought him into this ſtate. Wherefore hee cauſed Phyſicians to come. But Doraſtus neither

would

would let them miniſter, nor ſo much as ſuffer them to ſée his urine: but remained ſtill ſo oppreſſed with theſe paſſions as hée feared in himſelfe a further inconvenience. His honour wiſhed him to ceaſe from ſuch folly: but love forced him more to follow fancy; yea, and in deſpite of honour, Love won the conqueſt, ſo that his hot deſires cauſed him to finde new deviſes. For he preſently made himſelfe a Shepheards Coate, that hée might goe unknowne, and with leſſe ſuſpicion, to prattle with Fawnia; and conveied it ſecretly into a thick Grove, hard adioyning unto the Palace: whither, finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely apparell, got on thoſe Shepheards robes, and taking a great hooke in his hand (which he alſo had gotten) he went very anciently to find out the Miſtreſſe of his affection. But as he went by the way, ſéeing himſelfe clad in ſuch unſéemly rags, he began to ſmile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondneſſe in theſe termes.

VVEll ſaid, Doraſtus, thou kéepeſt a good decorum, baſe deſires, and homely attires; thy thoughts are fit for none but a Shepheard, and thy apparell ſuch only as becomes a Shepheard. A ſtrange chaunge, from a Prince to a Peaſant. What, is it thy wretched fortune, or thy wilfull folly? Is it thy curſed Deſtinies, or thy crooked deſires that appoint thée this penance? Ah Doraſtus, thou canſt but love, and unleſſe thou love, thou art like to periſh for love. Yet, fond foole, chuſe flowers, not weédes: Diamonds, not Pebbles: Ladies, which may honour thée, not Shepheards, which may diſgrace thée. Venus is painted in ſilkes, not in ragges, and Cupid treadeth on diſdaine, when he reacheth at Dignitie. And yet Doraſtus, ſhame not at thy Shepheards wéed: the heavenly gods have ſometime earthly thoughts: Neptune became a Ram: Iupiter a Bull: Apollo a Shepheard: they gods, and yet in love: and thou a man appointed to love.

Deviſing thus with himſelfe, hée drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was kéeping her ſhéepe: who caſting her eye aſide, and ſéeing ſuch a mannerly Shepheard, perfectly limmed and comming with ſo good a pace, ſhée began halfe to forget

Doraſtus, and to favour her pretty ſhepheard, whom ſhe thought ſhée might both love and obtaine. But as ſhée was in theſe thoughts ſhe perceived then it was the young Prince Doraſtus; wherefore ſhe roſe up, and reverently ſaluted him. Doraſtus taking her by the hand, repayed her courteſie with a ſweet kiſſe, and praying her to ſit downe by him, he began thus, to lay the battery.

IF thou marvell, Fawnia at my ſtrange attire, thou wouldeſt more muſe at my unaccuſtomed thoughts: the one diſgraceth but my outward ſhape: the other diſturbeth my inward ſenſes: I love Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh, I cannot miſſlike. Fawnia thou haſt promiſed to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no leſſe. I have fulfilled thy requeſt, and now thou canſt not but grant my deſire. Thou wert content to love Doraſtus, when he ceaſt to be a Prince, and became a Shepheard: and ſée I have made a change, and therefore not to miſſe of my choyce.

TRuth, quoth Fawnia: But all that we are Cawles, are not Monkes. Painted Eagles are pictures, not Eagles: Zeuxis Grapes were like Grapes, yet ſhadowes; rich cloathing make not Princes, nor homely attire beggers: Shepheards are not called ſhepheards, becauſe they weare hookes and bags, but they are borne poore, and lide to keepe ſheepe: ſo this attire hath not made Doraſtus a Shepheard, but to ſeem like a Shepheard.

WELL Fawnia, anſwered Doraſtus, were I a Shepheard I could not but like thée; being a Prince, I am forced to love thee. Take héed Fawnia, bée not proud of beauties painting; for it is a flower that fadeth in the bloſſome. Thoſe which diſdaine in youth, are deſpiſed in age. Beauties ſhadowes are trickt up with times colours, which being ſet to dry in the Sunne, are ſtained with the Sunne, ſcarce pleaſing the ſight: yet they begin not to be worth the ſight: not much unlike the herb Ephimeron, which flouriſheth in the morning, and is withered before the Sunne ſetting. If my deſire were

againſt

againſt love thou mightest iuſtly deny me by reaſon: but I love thee Fawnia, not to miſuſe thee as a Concubine, but to uſe thee as my wife: I can promiſe no more, and meane to performe no leſſe.

Fawnia hearing this ſolemne proteſtation of Doraſtus, could no longer withſtand the aſſault, but yeilded up the fort, in theſe friendly termes.

AY, Doraſtus, I ſhame to expreſſe that thou forcest me with thy ſugred ſpéech to confeſſe: my baſe birth cauſeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggers thoughts ought not to reach as farre as Kings, and yet my deſires reach as high as Princes. I dare not ſay, Doraſtus, I love thée, becauſe I am a Shepheardeſſe: but the gods know, I have honoured Doraſtus (pardon if I ſay amiſſe) yea and loved Doraſtus, with ſuch dutifull affection, as Fawnia can performe, or Doraſtus deſire: I yéeld, not overcome with prayers but with love: reſting Doraſtus hand-maid, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice at all to his honour, nor my credit.

DOraſtus hearing this friendly concluſion of Fawnia, embraced her in his armes, ſwearing that neither diſtance, time, nor adverſe fortuns, ſhould diminiſh his affection: but that in deſpite of the deſtinies hée would remaine faithfull to death. Having thus plight their troth each to other, ſéeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia, for that Egiſtus conſent would never bee granted to ſo meane a match: Doraſtus determined, as ſoone as time and opportunity would give him leave, to provide a great maſſe of money, and many rich and coſtly Jewels, for the eaſier carriage; and then to tranſport themſelves and their Treaſure into Italy, where they ſhould lead a contented life, untill ſuch time as either hée could bée reconciled to his father, or elſe by ſucceſſion come to the Kingdome. This deviſe was greatly praiſed of Fawnia: for ſhée feared, if the King his father ſhould but heare of the contract, that his fury would be ſuch, as no leſſe than death ſhould ſtand for payment. Shée therefore told him that delay breed danger: that many miſhappes did fall out betweene the

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cup and lip; and that to avoid danger, it were beſt with as much ſpeed as might be, to paſſe out of Sicilia, leſt fortune might prevent their patience with ſome new diſpite. Doraſtus, whome love pricked forward with deſire, promiſed to diſpatch his affaires with as great haſte, as either time or opportunitie would give him leave: and ſo reſting upon this point after many embracings and ſwæt kiſſes, they departed. Doraſtus, having taken his leave of his beſt beloved Fawnia, went to the Grove where he had his rich apparell, and there unaſſing himſelfe as ſecretly as might be, hiding up his Shepheards attire, till occaſion ſhould ſerve againe to uſe it, hée went to the Palace, ſhewing by his merry countenance that either the ſtate of his body was amended, or the cauſe of his minde greatly advanced. Fawnia, poore ſoule was no leſſe ioyfull, that being a Shepheardeſſe, fortune had favoured her ſo, as to reward her with the love of a Prince: hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poore Farmer, to be wife to a rich King. So that ſhe thought every houre a year, till by their departure they might prevent danger: not ceaſing ſtill to goe every day to her ſhéepe: not ſo much for the care of the flocke, as for the deſire ſhe had to ſée her Love and Lord, Doraſtus: who oftentimes, when opportunity would ſerve, repaired thither to féed his fancy with the ſwæt content of Fawnia's preſence. And although hée never went to viſite her, but in theſe old Shepheards raggs, yet his oft repaire made him not only ſuſpected, but knowne to diverſe of their neighbours: who for the good will they bare to old Porrous, told him ſecretly of the matter, wiſhing him to kéepe his daughter at home, leſt ſhé went ſo long to the field, that ſhe brought him home a young ſonne. For they feared that Fawnia being ſo beautifull, the young Prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was ſtricken in a dumpe at theſe newes, ſo that thanking his neighbours for their good will, he hyed him home to his wife: and calling her aſide, wringing his hands, and ſhedding forth teares, he brake the matter to her in theſe termes.

I Am afraid, wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made her ſelfe to ſinne, that ſhe will buy repentance too deare. I haue

newes, which if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is told me by my neighbours, that Doraſtus the Kings sonne, begins to looke at our daughter Fawnia: which if it bee so, I will not give her a halfe-peny for her honestie at the years end. I tell thee, wife, now a dayes beautie is a great stale to trap young men, and faire words and sweet promises are two great enemies to maides honesty: and thou knowest, where poore entreat and cannot obtain, there, Princes may commaund, and will obtaine. Though Kings sonnes dance in nets they may not be seene: yet poore mens faults are espied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where Kings lusts are lawes, and that they should binde poore men to that which they themselves wilfully break.

Peace, husband (quoth his wife) take heed what wee say: Speake no more then you should, lest you heare what you would not. Great streames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force: and Princes to bee perswaded by submission, not by rigour. Doe what you can, but no more then you may, lest in saving Fawnia's maiden-head, you lose your owne head. Take heed, I say, it is ill iesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with Kings. The Wolfe had his skin pulled over his eares, for but looking into the Lions den.

Tush wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a foole: If the King should know that Doraſtus had gotten our daughter with child (as I feare it will fall out little better) the Kings fury would be such, as no doubt we should both lose our goods and lives: necessity therefore hath no law, and I will prevent this mischiefe with a new device that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease Doraſtus. I meane to take the chaine and the Jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carry them to the King, letting him then to understand, how shee is none of my daughter, but that I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little boat, wrapped in a rich mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this meanes, I hope the King will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chance shall be blamelesse. This devise pleased the good wife very wel, so that they determined as soone as they might know the King at leasure, to make him privie to this case.

In the meane time, Dorastus was not slacke in his affaires, but applyed his matters with such diligence, that he provided all things fit for their journey. Treasure and Jewels he had gotten great store, thinking there was no better friend then money in a strange Countrey. Rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and because he could not bring the matter to passe without the helpe and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his called Capnio, who had served him from his child-hood, privie to his affaires: who, seeing no perswasions could prevaile to divert him from his setled determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause, that within short space he had gotten a ship ready for their passage. The Marriners seeing a fit gale of winde for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delayes, lest if they pretermitted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a faire wind. Capnio fearing that his negligence should hinder their journey, in the night time conveyed the truncks full of treasure into the ship, and by secret meanes let Fawnia understand, that the next morning they meant to depart. She upon these newes slept very little that night, but got her up very early, and went to her sheepe, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus: who tarryed not long, for feare delay might breed danger: but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke Fawnia up behind him, and rode to the haven where the ship lay, which was three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the Marriners were ready with their cock-boat to set them aboord: where being coucht together in a Cabbin, they past away the time in recounting their old loves till their man Capnio could come.

Porrus, who had heard that this morning the King would goe abroad to take the aire, called in haste to his wife, to bring him his holy-day hose, and his best Jacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His wife a good cleanly wench, brought him all things fit, and spunged him up very handsomely, giving him a chaine and the jewels in a little box, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosome. Having thus his trinkets in a readinesse, taking his staffe in his hand, he bade his wife kisse him for good luck, and so he went

towards

towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to shew him a little faire play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could, with a little coffer under his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus, whom he knew to be Fawnia's father going towards the Palace: being a wilie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore croſt him the way and asked him whither he was going so early in the morning.

Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the Court) meaning simply, told him that the Kings sonne Doraſtus dealt hardly with him: for he had but one daughter, who was a little beautifull, and that his neighbours told him, the young Prince had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straight way knew the whole matter) began to sooth him in his talke, and said, that Doraſtus dealt not like a Prince, to spoyle any poore mans daughter in that sort: hee therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the Palace: for the King meanes this day to take the aire of the Sea, and to go aboord of a ship that lyes in the haven: I am going before, you see, to provide all things in a readinesse: and if you will follow my counsell, turne backe with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fit place, as you may speak to the King at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnios smooth tales, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advice, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaint on Doraſtus; yet concealing secretly his chaine and the Jewels. As soone as they were come to the sea-side, the marriners seeing Capnio, came to land with their cocke-boate: who still dissembling the matter, demanded of Porrus, if he would go see the ship: who unwilling, and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brooke the sea, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes he could not get him aboord, commanded the Marriners that by violence they should

carry him into the ſhip, who like ſturdy knaves hoiſted the poꝛ Shepheard on their necks, and bearing him to the boat lanched from the land.

Porrus ſéeing himſelfe ſo cunningly betrayed, durſt not cry out, foꝛ he ſaw it would not pꝛeuail: but began to intreat Capnio, and the Marriners to be good to him and to pity his eſtate, he was but a poꝛe man that lived by his labour: they laughing to ſée the ſhepheard ſo afraid, made as much haſte as they could to ſet him abooꝛd. Porrus was no ſooner in the ſhip but hée ſaw Doraſtus walking with Fawnia, yet he ſcarce knew her: foꝛ ſhe had attyred her ſelfe in rich apparell, which ſo encreaſed her beauty, that ſhe reſembled rather an Angell, then a creature.

Doraſtus, and Fawnia, were halfe aſtoniſhed to ſée the old ſhepheard; marvelling greatly what wind had bꝛought him thither; till Capnio told them all the whole diſcourſe: how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King, if by policy he had not pꝛeuented him; and therefore now ſith he was abooꝛd, foꝛ the auoiding of further danger, it were beſt to carry him into Italy.

Doraſtus, pꝛaiſed greatly his mans deuice, and alloweꝺ of his counſell: but Fawnia, (who ſtill feared Porrus as her father) began to bluſh foꝛ ſhame, that by her means he ſhould either incur danger oꝛ diſpleaſure.

The old Shepheard hearing this hard ſentence, that he ſhould on ſuch a ſuddaine be carried from his wife, his Countrey and kinſfolke, into a foꝛraine land among ſtrangers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knées to entreat Doraſtus, that pardoning his unadviſed folly, he would giue him leaue to goe home: ſwearing that he would kéepe all things as ſecret as he could wiſh. But theſe pꝛoteſtations could not pꝛeuaile, although Fawnia entreated Doraſtus very earneſtly: but the Marriners hoiſted their maine ſailes, weighed anchoꝛs, ſailed into the déep: where we leaue them to the ſuccour of the wind and ſeas, and returne to Egiſtus.

WHo having appointed this day to hunt in one of his foꝛreſts, called foꝛ his ſonne Doraſtus, to goe ſpoꝛt himſelfe

himſelfe, becauſe he ſaw that of late he began to lowre: but his men made anſwer that he was gon abroad none knew whither, except he were gone to the groue to walke all alone, as his cuſtome was euery day.

The King willing to waken him out of his dumpe, ſent one of his men to goe ſeeke him, but in vaine: for at the laſt he returned, but find him he could not, ſo that the King went himſelfe to goe ſee the ſport: where paſſing away the day, returning at night from hunting, he asked for his ſon, but he could not bee heard of, which draue the King into a great choller: whereupon moſt of his Noblemen and other Courtiers poſted abroad to ſeeke him, but they could not heare of him through all Sicilia: onely they miſſed Capnio his man, which againe made the King ſuſpect that he was not gone farre.

Two or three dayes being paſſed, and no newes heard of Doraſtus, Egiſtus being fearfull that he was deuoured with ſome wilde beaſts, and with that made out a great troope of men to goe ſeek him: who coaſted through all the Countrey and ſearched in euery dangerous and ſecret place, untill at laſt they met with a Fiſher-man, that was ſitting in a little couert, hard by the ſea ſide, mending his nets, when Doraſtus and Fawnia tooke ſhipping: who being examined if hee either knew or heard where the Kings ſonne was, without any ſecrecie at all, reuealed the whole matter, how he was ſailed two daies paſt, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus, and his faire daughter Fawnia. This heauie newes was preſently carried to the King, who halfe dead for ſorrow, commanded Porrus wife to be ſent for: ſhee being come to the Palace after due examination, confeſſed that her neighbours had oft told her, that the Kings ſonne was too familiar with Fawnia her daughter: Whereupon her husband fearing the worſt, about two dayes paſt, (hearing the King ſhould goe a hunting) roſe early in the morning, and went to make his complaint, but ſince ſhe neither heard of him, nor ſaw him. Egiſtus perceiuing the womans vnfained ſimplicity, let her depart without incurring further diſpleaſure, conceiuing ſuch ſecret griefe for his ſonnes wretcheleſſe folly, that hee had ſo forgotten his honour and Parentage, by ſo baſe a choiſe to diſhonour his father, and diſcredit

himſelfe, that with very care and thought, he fell into a quartain feaver: which was ſo unfit for his aged yeares and complection, that he became ſo weake, as the Phyſicians would grant him no life.

But his ſonne Doraſtus little regarded either father, Countrey or Kingdome, in reſpect of his Lady Fawnia: for Fortune ſmiling on this young novice, ſent him ſo lucky a gale of wind, for the ſpace of a day and a night, that the Marriners lay & ſlept upon the hatches: but on the next morning about the breake of the day, the ayre began to overcaſt, the winds to riſe, the ſeas to ſwell: yea preſently there aroſe ſuch a fearefull tempeſt, as the ſhip was in danger, to bee ſwallowed up in every ſea: the maine maſt with the violence of the wind, was throwne overboord, the ſailes were torne, the tackling rended a ſunder, the ſtorme raging ſtill ſo furiouſly, that poore Fawnia was almoſt dead for feare, but that ſhe was greatly comforted with the preſence of Doraſtus. The Tempeſt continued three days, all which time the marriners every minute looked for death, and the aire was ſo darkned with cloudes, that the Maſter could not tell by the compaſſe in what coaſt they were. But upon the fourth day about ten of the clock, the wind began to ceaſe, the ſea to ware calme, and the skie to be cleare, and the Mariners deſcried the coaſt of Bohemia, ſhooting off their Ordnance for joy, that they had eſcaped ſuch a fearefull tempeſt.

Doraſtus hearing that they were arrived at ſome Harbour, ſweetly kiſſed Fawnia, and bade her be of good chéere. When they told him that the Port belonged to the chiefe Citie of Bohemia where Pandoſto kept his Court, Doraſtus began to bee ſad; knowing that his father hated no man ſo much as Pandoſto, and that the King himſelfe had ſought ſecretly to betray Egiſtus: this conſidered he was halfe afraid to goe on Land, but that Capnio counſelled him to change his name and his Countrey, untill ſuch time as they could get ſome other Barke to tranſport them into Italy: Doraſtus liking this device, made his caſe privie to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to ſay, that he was a Gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The ſhip-men willing to ſhew what friendſhip they could to Doraſtus, promiſed to bee

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as ſecret as they could, or he might with: and upon this, they landed in a little village a mile diſtant from the City: where after they had reſted a day, thinking to make proviſion for their marriage, the fame of Fawnia's beautie was ſpread throughout all the City, ſo that it came to the eare of Pandoſto: who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithſtanding young and freſh affections: ſo that he deſired greatly to ſée Fawnia: and to bring this matter the better to paſſe, hearing they had but one man, and how they reſted at a very homely houſe, he cauſed them to be apprehended as Spies, and ſent twelve of his guard to take them: who being come to their lodging, told them the Kings meſſage. Doraſtus no whit diſmayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the Court (for they left Porrus to kéepe the ſtuffe,) who being admitted to the Kings preſence, Doraſtus and Fawnia with humble obeyſance ſaluted his Maieſtie.

Pandoſto amazed at the ſingular perfection of Fawnia, ſtood halfe aſtoniſhed, viewing her beauty, ſo that hée almoſt forgot himſelfe what he had to doe: at laſt with ſterne countenance he demanded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what cauſed them to land in Bohemia? Sir (quoth Doraſtus,) know that my name is Meleagrus a Knight, borne and brought up in Trapolonia, and this Gentlewomen, whom I meane to take to my wife, is an Italian borne in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cauſe I have ſo ſmall a traine with me, is, for that her friends unwilling to conſent, I intended ſecretly to convey her into Trapolonia, whither, I was ſayling, and by diſtreſſe of weather, I was driven into theſe Coaſts. Thus you have heard my name, my Countrey, and the cauſe of my voyage. Pandoſto ſtarting from his ſeat as one in choller, made this rough reply.

MEleagrus, I feare, this ſmooth tale hath but ſmall truth, and that thou cobereſt a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt, this Lady, by her grace and beauty, is of higher degrée more méet for a mighty Prince, then for a ſimple Knight: and thou like a perjured traytor haſt bereft her of her Parents, to their preſent griefe, and her enſuing ſorrow. Will therefore

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I heare more of her Parentage, and of her calling, I will ſtay you both here in Bohemia.

Doraſtus, in whom reſted nothing but Kingly valour, was not able to ſuffer the reproaches of Pandoſto, but that hee made him this anſwer.

IT is not meet for a King without due proofe, to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon ſuſpicion to infer beliefe, Strangers ought to be entertained with courteſie, not to be entreated with crueltie; leſt being forced by want to put up iniuries, the gods revenge their cauſe with rigour.

Pandoſto hearing Doraſtus utter theſe words, commanded that he ſhould ſtraight be committed to priſon, untill ſuch time as they heard further of his pleaſure: but as for Fawnia, he charged that ſhe ſhould be entertained in the Court with ſuch courteſie as belonged to a ſtranger and her calling: the reſt of the ſhip-men put in the Dungeon.

Having thus ſo hardly handled the ſuppoſed Trapolonians, Pandoſto contrary to his aged yeeres, began to bee ſomewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, inſomuch that he could take no reſt, but caſt into his old head a thouſand new devices: at laſt he fell into theſe thoughts.

HOw art thou deſired (Pandoſto) with freſh affections and unfit fancies, wiſhing to poſſeſſe with an unwilling mind and a hot deſire troubled with a cold diſdaine? Shall thy mind yéld in age, to that thou haſt reſiſted in youth. Peace Pandoſto, blab not out that which thou maiſt be aſham'd to reveale to thy ſelfe. Ah, Fawnia is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour (fond foole) to name her that is thy captive, and another mans concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand, which my heart would faine refuſe: playing like the bird Ibis in Egypt, which hateth ſerpents, yet fædeth on their egges.

Tuſh, hot deſires turn oftentimes to cold diſdaine: Love is brittle, where appetite, not reaſon beares the ſway: Kings thoughts ought not to climbe ſo high as the heavens, but to looke no lower then honour: better it is to peck at the ſtarres with the young Eagles, then to prey on dead carcaſſes with the

the Vulture: it is more honourable for Pandosto to dye by concealing love, then to enioy such unfit Love. Doth Pandosto then love? Yea, whom: A maid vnknowne, yea, and perhaps immodest, straggled out of her owne Countrey: beautifull, but not therefore chast: comely in body, but perhaps crooked in minde. Cease then Pandosto, to look at Fawnia, much lesse to love her: be not overtaken with a womans beauty, whose eyes are framed by Art to enamour: whose heart is framed by nature to inchant: whose false teares know their due time, and whose swéet words pierce déeper then sharpe swords. Here ceast Pandosto from his talke, but not from his love: for although he sought by reason and wisdome to suppresse this franticke affection, yet he could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a déepe impression in this heart. But on a day walking abroad into a Parke, which was hard adioyning to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered these words.

FAwnia, I commend thy beautie and wit, and now pity thy distresse and want: but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus (whose povertie, though a Knight, is not able to maintaine an estate answerable to thy beautie) and yeeld thy consent to Pandosto, I will both increase thée with dignities and riches. No Sir, answered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a Knight that hath wonne me by love, and none but he shall weare me: this sinister mischance shall not diminish my affection, but rather increase my good will: thinke not, though your Grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that feare shall make me yeld my consent. I had rather be Meleagrus wife, and a begger, then live in plenty, and be Pandosto's Concubine.

Pandosto, hearing the assured answer of Fawnia, would notwithstanding prosecute his suite to the uttermost: séeking with faire words and great promises to scale the fort of her chastity: swearing that if shee would grant to his desire, Meleagrus should not only be set at liberty, but honoured in the Court amongst his Nobles. But these alluring baites could not intice her mind from the love of her new betrothed mate Meleagrus: which Pandosto seeing, he let her alone for that time to consider

more of the demand. Fawnia being alone by her selfe, began to fall into these meditations.

AH infortunate Fawnia, thou seest, to desire above fortune is to strive above gods and fortune. Who gazeth at the Sun, weakneth his sight: they which stare at the skie fall oft into deep pits: hadst thou rested content to have bene a shepheardesse, thou needest not to have feared mischance: better had it been for thée, by sitting low, to have had quiet, then by climing high, to have falne into misery. But alas, I feare not mine own danger but Dorastus displeasure. Ah sweet Dorastus, thou art a Prince, but now a prisoner by too much love, procuring thine owne losse; haddest thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadst been fortunate. Shall I then bee false to him that hath forsaken kingdomes for my cause? No, would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved. With that fetching a deepe sigh, she ceased from her complaints and went againe to the Palace, enioying a liberty without content, and proffered pleasure with smal ioy. But poore Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burthen of cold & heavy irons, sorrowed sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishap, that by the disobedience to his parent, he had wrought his owne despite: another while cursing the gods and Fortune, that they wo[illegible]crosse him with sinister chance, uttering at last his passions [illegible]h these words.

AH unfortunate wretch, born to mishap, now thy folly hath his desert: art thou not worthy for thy base mind, to have bad fortune? Could the destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine honour and dignitie? Will not the gods plague him with despite that paineth his father with disobedience? Oh gods, if any favour or iustice be left, plague me, but favour poore Fawnia, and shroud her from the tyrannies of wretched Pandosto: but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome death. Dorastus pained with these heavie passions, sorrowed and sighed but in vaine; for which he used more patience.

But againe to Pandosto, who broyling in the heat of unlawfull lust, could take no rest, but still felt his minde disquieted with

with his new love: ſo that his Nobles and Subiects marvelled greatly at his ſodaine alteration, not being able to conjecture the cauſe of this his continued care. Pandoſto thinking every houre a yeare, till he had talked once againe with Fawnia, ſent for her ſecretly into his chamber: whither Fawnia though unwillingly comming, Pandoſto entertain'd her very courteouſly, uſing theſe familiar ſpæches, which Fawnia anſwered as ſhortly in this wiſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia are you become leſſe wilfull, and more wiſe, to prefer the love of a King, before the liking of a poore Knight? I think erethis you think it is better to be favoured of a King, than of a ſubiect.

Fawnia.

Pandoſto, the body is ſubiect to victories, but the mind's not to bee ſubdued with conqueſt: honeſty is to bee preferred before honour, and a dram of faith will weigh down a tunne of gold. I have promiſed Meleagrus my love, and will performe no leſſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia, I know thou art not ſo unwiſe in thy choyce, as to refuſe the offer of a King, nor ſo ungratefull as to deſpiſe a good turne: thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou ſæſt I intreat: my power is ſuch, that I may compell by force, and yet I ſue by prayers. Yéeld Fawnia thy love to him which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus ſhall bee ſet free, thy Countrey-men diſcharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia.

I ſée Pandoſto, where luſt ruleth, it is a miſerable thing to be a virgin: but know this, that I will alwayes prefer fame before life, and rather chooſe death than diſhonour.

Pandoſto ſéeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a reſolution without feare to hate him, flæing away from her in a rage, hee ſware that if in ſhort time ſhe would not be won by reaſon, he would forget all courteſie, and compell her to grant by rigour. But theſe threatning words no whit diſmayed Fawnia; but that ſhe ſtill both

despited and despised Pandosto. While thus these two lovers strove, the one to winne love, the other to live in hate; Egistus heard certaine newes by Merchants of Bohemia, that his sonne Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto: which made him feare greatly, that his sonne should be but hardly intreated: yet considering that Bellaria and he were cleered by the Oracle of Apollo, from the crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them: hee thought best to send with all speede to Pandosto that hee should set free his sonne Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. Finding this, by the advice of counsell, the speediest remedie to release his sonne, hee caused presently two of his ships to be rigged, and throughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his Nobles Embassadors into Bohemia: who willing to obey the King, and receive their young Prince, made no delayes for feare of danger, but with as much speed as might bee, sayled towards Bohemia; the wind and seas favoured them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap: for within three dayes they were landed: which Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrivall, but he in person went to meet them, intreating them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceive how sorry hee was for the former injuries he had offered to their king, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends. As Pandosto made report to them how one Meleagrus a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia in his Land, comming very suspitiously, accompanied only with one servant, and an old Shepheard: the Ambassadors perceived by the halfe, what the whole tale meant, and began to conjecture that was Dorastus, who for feare to be knowne, had changed his name. But dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court, where after they had beene very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the Noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their Ambassage: where they certified Pandosto, that Meleagrus was sonne and heire to the King Egistus: and that his name was Dorastus: and how contrary to the Kings minde he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her, being daughter to that poore Shepheard Porrus. Whereupon the

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Kings requeſt was, that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might bee murthered and put to death, and that his ſonne Doraſtus might be ſent home in ſafety. Pandoſto having attentively and with great marvaile heard their Ambaſſage, willing to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſtus, and to ſhew him how greatly he eſteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbade him to hurt Fawnia; yet in diſpite of love he determined to execute Egiſtus will without mercy, and therefore he preſently ſent for Doraſtus out of priſon: who marvelling at his unlooked for courteſie, found at his comming to the Kings preſence, that which hee leaſt doubted of, his fathers Ambaſſadors: who no ſooner ſaw him, but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandoſto embracing Doraſtus, ſet him by him very lovingly in a chair of ſtate. Doraſtus aſhamed that his folly was bewrayed, ſate a long time as one in a maze, till Pandoſto told him the ſumme of his fathers Ambaſſage: which he had no ſooner heard, but he was touched to the quick, for the cruell ſentence that was pronounced againſt Fawnia: but neither could his ſorrow nor perſwaſion prevaile: for Pandoſto commanded, that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, ſhould be brought to his preſence: who were no ſooner come, but Pandoſto having his former love turned into diſdainfull hate, began to rage againſt Fawnia in theſe termes;

THou diſdainfull vaſſall, thou curriſh kite, aſſigned by the Deſtinies to baſe fortune, and yet with an aſpiring minde gazing after honour: how durſt thou preſume, being a begger, to match with a Prince? by thy alluring lookes to inchaunt the ſonne of a King, to leave his owne Countrey, to fulfill thy diſordinate luſts? O diſpiteſull minde! A proud heart in a begger, is not unlike a great fire in a ſmall cottage, which warmeth not the houſe, but burneth it; aſſure thy ſelfe thou ſhalt dye: and thou old doting foole, whoſe folly hath bene ſuch, as to ſuffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, looke for no other meede, but the like puniſhment. But Capnio, thou which haſt betrayed the King, and haſt conſented to the unlawfull luſt of thy Lord and Maſter, I know not how iuſtly I may plague thee: death is too eaſie a puniſhment for thy falſhood,

and to liue, (if not in extreame miſery) were not to ſhew thée equity. I therefore award, that thou ſhalt haue thine eyes put out, and continually till thou dyeſt, grind in the mill like a brutt beaſt. The feare of death brought a ſorrowfull ſilence vpon Fawnia, and Capnio: but Porrus ſéeing no hope of life, burſt forth in theſe ſpeeches.

PAndoſto, and ye noble Ambaſſadors of Sicilia, ſéeing without cauſe I am condemned to die. I am yet glad I haue opportunity to diſburden my conſcience before my death, I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true, whereas I am accuſed that I haue been a ſupporter of Fawnia's pride and ſhée diſdained as a vile begger, ſo it is, that I am neither father vnto her, nor ſhe daughter vnto me.

For it ſo hapned, that I being a poore Shepheard in Sicilia, liuing by kéeping other mens flocks, one of my Iheepe ſtraying downe to the ſea-ſide, as I went to ſéeke her, I ſaw a little boat driuen vpon the ſhore, wherein I found a babe of fiue dayes old, wrapped in a mantle of ſcarlet, hauing about the neck this chaine: I pitying the childe, and deſirous of the treaſure, carryed it home to my wife, who with great care nurſed it vp, and ſet it to kéep ſhéep. Here is the chaine and Iewels, and this Fawnia is the child whom I found in the boat; what ſhe is, or of what Parentage I know not: but this I am aſſured, that ſhe is none of mine.

Pandoſto would ſcarce ſuffer him to tell out his tale, but that he required the time of the yeare, the manner of the boat, and other circumſtances: which when he found agréeing to his count, ſodainly he leapt from his ſeat, and kiſſed Fawnia, wetting her tender chéeks with his teares, and crying, My daughter Fawnia, ah my ſweet Fawnia, I am thy father Fawnia: this ſudden paſſion of the King draue them all into a maze, eſpecially Fawnia and Doraſtus. But when the King had breathed himſelfe a while in this new ioy, he rehearſed before the Ambaſſadors the whole matter, and how he had entreated his wife Bellaria for Iealouſie, and that this was the child whom he ſent to float in the ſeas.

Fawnia was not more ioyfull that ſhe had found ſuch a father,

then

then Doraſtus was glad he ſhould get ſuch a wife. The Ambaſſadors reioyced that their young Prince had made ſuch a choiſe: That thoſe Kingdomes which through enmitie had long time béene diſſevered, ſhould now through perpetuall amity be united and reconciled. The Citizens and ſubiects of Bohemia (hearing that the King had found againe his daughter, which was ſuppoſed dead, ioyfull that there was an heire apparant to the kingdome) made Bone-fires and ſhewes throughout all the City. The Courtiers and Knights appointed Iuſts and Turnies, to ſignifie their willing mindes in gratifying the Kings hap.

Eightéene dayes being paſt in theſe Princely ſports, Pandoſto willing to recompence old Porrus, of a Shepheard, made him a Knight: which done, prouiding a ſufficient navie to receiue him and his retinue, accompanied with Doraſtus and Fawnia, and the Sicilian Ambaſſadors, he ſailed towards Sicilia, where he was moſt Princely entertained by Egiſtus: who hearing this Comicall event, reioyced greatly at his ſonnes good hap, and without delay (to the perpetuall ioy of the two young lovers) celebrated the marriage. Which was no ſooner ended, but Pandoſto (calling to mind how he firſt betrayed his friend Egiſtus, how his iealouſie was the cauſe of Bellaria's death, that contrary to the law of nature, he had luſted after his owne daughter) moued with theſe deſperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholly fit, and to cloſe up the Comedy with a Tragicall ſtratagem, he ſlew himſelfe: whoſe death being many dates bewailed of Fawnia, Doraſtus, and his deare friend Egiſtus, Doraſtus taking leaue of his father, went with his wife and the dead corps into Bohemia: where after it was ſumptuouſly intombed, Doraſtus ended his dayes in contented quiet.

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